

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 15

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 5

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Valentine (Poem)— <i>Margaret Cobb, '12</i>	239
George Washington, the Man— <i>Lillian Crisp, '13</i>	240
The Kindly Maid (Poem)— <i>Nell Witherington, '12</i>	247
A Short-lived Butter Factory— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11</i>	248
Cupid's Defeat (Poem)— <i>Lelia White, '11</i>	255
The Prize Fruit-Cake— <i>Margaret Smith, '14</i>	257
Two North Carolina Poets— <i>Margaret E. Johnson, '12</i>	261
A Little Child Shall Lead Them— <i>Dora Coats, '12</i>	270
Editorial—	
A Suggestion	274
A Reply	275
Contributors' Club—	
The Magazine— <i>E. R. B., '11; M. B. J., '11</i>	277
Trades	277
"Opened or Closed?"— <i>K. S., '12</i>	278
The Point of View—	
College Work and Leisure— <i>Alice Whitson, '12</i>	279
Borrowing— <i>Lillian Hunt, '13</i>	280
The New Requirement Passed by the Faculty Council— <i>Lillian G. Crisp, '13</i>	281
What Meditation Hour Means to Us Students— <i>Annie Cummins, '12</i>	281
Society Notes—	
With the Adelphians— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11</i>	283
With the Cornelians— <i>Lelia White, '11</i>	283
Among Ourselves— <i>Marea Jordan, '11</i>	285
In Lighter Vein— <i>Clyde Fields, '12</i>	286
A Dirge— <i>A. V., '11; E. R. B., '11</i>	286
Perfection— <i>Elizabeth Camp, '14</i>	287
Poor Dog Hash— <i>E. R. B., '11; M. B. J., '11</i>	288
Organizations	289
Advertisements	



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1911

NO. 5

A Valentine

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelphian

They send you hearts of paper and paint
All pierced with Cupid's dart—
"As true as I, and without taint,
I give to you my heart."

They send you flowers new and rare
That the florist, tempting, sets—
"From woodland banks, so fresh and fair,
I plucked these violets."

'Midst all the ways Saint Valentine
Pays tribute to thyself,—
Will't have it, dearest, just for thine?—
I bring my all, myself!

George Washington, the Man

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian

Paul Leicester Ford, in his preface to "The True George Washington," says that "by a slow evolution we have well-nigh discarded from the lives of our greatest men of the past all human faults and feelings; have enclosed their greatness in glass of the clearest crystal, and hung up a sign, 'Do not touch.' * * In place of men, limited by human limits, and influenced by human passions, we have demigods, so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds." This is exactly what we, as Americans, have done with George Washington. We all know his life as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and as first President of the United States. But few of us know his life as a Virginia planter. And yet it is usually the private life of an individual which endears him to us. How many remember the little nursery song:

"One time there was a little boy,
He had a little hatchet,
He ran about in roguish joy
To find a tree to catch it;"

and then, after the "tree to catch it" has been found, and "has caught it,"

"'Oh, papa,' said George Washington,
'I truly did it, sir, sir.
I know you're proud of such a son,
I cannot tell a lie, sir.' "

The answer comes, "All." And now, why do we so cherish the memory of the cherry tree episode? Because it is practically the only glimpse we have had of the human side of Washington, the side concerning which we all would know more. Since we all would know more of the human side of Washington, this paper aims to deal with George Washington, the man.

Perhaps we had better see him as a kinsman first. Whether it was to make us "go and do likewise," or not, I do not know, but at any rate, when we were tiny little girls, our story books used to tell us wonderful tales of the devotion of the little George to his mother, and of the great influence she had over him. These tales had about as true a foundation as the ones we learned later concerning the coldness and the hardness of the grown-up George. In view of the fact that George was fatherless at ten, we would expect to find his mother having much influence over him. But Washington's mother is a very disappointing woman, for she was untidy, illiterate, foolish almost to silliness, and continually whining, whining, whining. The son inherited little except personal appearance from her, and spent most of his boyhood days with his two elder married brothers. He was always a dutiful son, however, and made many real sacrifices for her sake.

The two half-brothers with whom George passed his youth were Lawrence, from whom he inherited Mt. Vernon, and Augustine. He was very fond of these excellent men, and he owed them much in the way of character development and advancement in worldly affairs. Of his own brothers, Samuel, the eldest, was the least loved. Samuel seems to have had an unusual propensity for getting into debt, a thing which troubled his brother greatly. Nevertheless, as much as he despised debt, Washington was constantly advancing money, even when he could ill afford to spare it, to help this elder brother out of difficulty. Little is known of the relations between Washington and his youngest brother, Charles. But of John, or "Jack," Washington says that "he was the intimate companion of my youth and the friend of my ripened age." There seems to have been an unusual bond of affection and confidence between these two brothers. The only sister who lived to be a woman was Elizabeth—"Betty"—who married Fielding Lewis. She was so much like her brother in personal appearance that when she put on a military cloak and his hat she could not be told from him. She was fond of him, and he of her, and he aided her financially when her husband died "much indebted."

The unselfishness of Washington's nature is strongly emphasized in his attitude towards his nephews and nieces. Even when their conduct was displeasing to him—and it often was, for he hated debt, and some of these seem to have been very extravagant young people—he was eager to do all he could to help them, sometimes going so far as to give them homes at Mt. Vernon. He procured military and civil offices for his nephews and tried to give them all good educational advantages. A niece, Harriot, lived at Mt. Vernon for about ten years, and was a great trouble to Washington because she had "no disposition * * to be careful of her clothes," which were "dabbled about in every hole and corner and her best things always in use." The favorite of all the nephews and nieces was Bushrod, son of John Washington. In his attitude towards "Jack" and "Patsey" Custis, and Jack's children, we have the pleasantest glimpse of Washington as a kinsman. Eagerly he watched the development of these step-children; keenly he felt the death of the little Patsey; fearfully he watched young Jack during his school-days and saw him marry Nellie Calvert before his school-days should have ended; gladly he welcomed Nellie and her children to Mt. Vernon after her husband's early death. There is nothing in the relations between Washington and his kinsmen to indicate that he was the hard, cold man some historians would have us believe him.

Still more is this idea dispelled when we come to consider the love affairs of Washington. Would not this be judged a very human letter from a sixteen-year-old boy to his chum? "My place of residence is at present at His Lordship's where I might was my heart disengag'd Pass my time very pleasantly as there's a very agreeable young Lady Lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's Wife's Sister) but as that's only adding Fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy for by often and unavoidably being in her company revives my former passion for your Low Land Beauty," * * going on to say that he knows the only antidote or remedy for the passion of Love is to stay away from women! In his youthful correspondence there are frequent allusions to girls with whom he has fallen violently in love, and in his journal he has written

much poetry to them. We have a pretty picture of "that gallant, generous, youthful figure, brilliant in color and manly in form, riding gaily from one little colonial town to another, feasting, dancing, courting, and making merry. He was righteously ready to draw from life all the good things which fate and fortune, then smiling upon him, could offer, and he took his pleasure frankly, with an honest heart."

The love affairs of the boy were numerous and unsuccessful; the love affairs of the man began "with the first sight," and comprised an ardent successful wooing and a long, happy married life. In the spring of 1758, while carrying dispatches to Williamsburg, Washington stopped at Williams' Ferry to dine with a friend there. He met Mrs. Martha Custis, a young, pretty, rich, and intelligent widow, by whom he was so much attracted that he waited over until the next morning, when he had planned to leave in the same afternoon. On his return from Williamsburg, he stopped at the home of Mrs. Custis and won her consent to an engagement. He was married January the sixth, 1759. Perhaps it would be interesting to know that his wedding suit was of blue and silver, trimmed with scarlet, with gold buckles at knee and ankle.

For the nine years following his marriage, he and Mrs. Washington lived happy and luxurious lives at Mt. Vernon. He spent his time in overseeing his large estate, in out-of-door sports, in visiting, and in all the social affairs of the day. He neglected no serious affairs, however, and came to be one of the leading men in his State. In 1775 he took command of the Colonial army, and every winter while he had to be in the North, Mrs. Washington journeyed there to be with him. Next came the years of Presidential life, and then the happy return to Mt. Vernon, where the two remained as long as Washington lived. Washington, in a letter to his friend McHenry, has given us an interesting account of his day at Mt. Vernon: "I begin my diurnal course with the sun; if my hirelings are not in place by that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; * * by the time I have accomplished these matters breakfast * * is ready; this being

over I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I scarcely miss seeing strange faces. * * The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle-light, previous to which if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering Taper supplies the place of the great luminary I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; when the lights are brought, I feel tired and disinclined to engage in the work, conceiving that the next night will do as well." We also have records of nights spent in reading and chatting with Mrs. Washington. Indeed the love affair of the man was successful, and a source of great happiness to him.

In thinking of the Mt. Vernon days, we ought also to remember, in addition to the happiness with his wife, that Washington was a progressive farmer and a very kind master. After the Revolution, he wrote to a friend, "the more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs the better pleased I am with them." It was Washington's pride to improve Mt. Vernon. By purchase of surrounding lands, he greatly increased the size of the estate; he enlarged the house and grounds; he managed his enormous farm admirably; he tilled it according to the then improved methods, introducing rotation of crops, and emphasizing the value of fertilization; he had his own blacksmiths, wood-burners, carpenters, brick-makers, weavers, and fishers. He read all the books on agriculture he could find, even sending to England for them, and to his careful study of these and to his application of the principles laid down in them his success as a farmer may be largely attributed. Another thing contributing to his success as a farmer was his kind treatment of his slaves, who were willing, as a rule, to do anything he wished them to.

Another thing in connection with Mt. Vernon is Washington's fondness for out-door sports, for here he had ample opportunity to indulge in this pastime. He was very fond of playing cards and of attending the theatre and circus. But he liked out-door sports better. He was fond of fishing, gunning, and especially of fox hunting. He was passionately fond

of horses, and an excellent rider. Often he took his distinguished visitors and his friends on long rides and hunts with him.

Many historians and biographers would have us believe that Washington was a friendless man. There is much evidence to the contrary, however. Hospitality was always dispensed so freely at Mt. Vernon that there was scarcely a day when some visitor was not present. From the days of his young manhood, Washington was a friend of the Carters, Lewises, Lees, Byrds, and especially the Fairfaxes and Carlyles, visiting them frequently. They were at Mt. Vernon often, too, as were also Washington's kinsmen. The appointment to the Virginia regiment brought him new friends, among whom were Von Braum, Chevalier Peyronney, William Ramsey, and James Craik. Dr. Craik was the army surgeon, and became a life-long friend of Washington's. Washington met Benjamin Harrison and Robert Morris in the Continental Assembly and became very intimate with them. As Commander of the Continental Army he had a goodly number of friends. Reed, Laurens, and Hamilton, his aides-de-camp, and Greene, one of his generals, were of this number. Lafayette was the best friend of that period, however. The strong mutual friendship then formed lasted as long as Washington lived. The two corresponded regularly, and filled their letters with terms of the greatest affection. Lafayette journeyed back to America to see his old friends, and his son spent several years at Mt. Vernon. Indeed, Washington was rich in his friends.

Of friends he had many; of enemies he had none except those political and military. We all know how feebly he was supported by the Continental Congress, how the Conway Cabal tried to injure him in every possible way, and how, after he became President, the opposite political party attacked him bitterly. Washington's unselfishness is nowhere better emphasized than in his attitude towards these enemies. He was not, as some would have us believe, insensible to their false attacks; on the other hand, he felt their injustice very keenly. But his devotion to his country was so great that he was con-

tent to pass over the insults and false accusations in silence, so that he might continue to serve his country and work for its welfare.

George Washington was not a man to think highly of his own abilities. Rather, he thought too little of them. Nowhere did he evidence this self-depreciation more than in the matter of his own education. He received only a limited education in his youth, being, at the end of his school days, "a good 'cipherer', a bad speller, and a still worse grammarian." But he was not content with such meagre knowledge, and sought, by reading, to increase it. The two letters quoted in this paper serve to illustrate the improvement he made. The first is the one to a boyish chum telling of "Colo. George Fairfax's wife's sister," the second, to McHenry, telling of how he spent his day at Mt. Vernon. That Washington realized fully the value of a liberal education, we know from his efforts to increase his own knowledge and to give the best possible educational advantages to his nephews. We have records telling us that he assumed the entire expenses for the education of three of his nephews, of his step-son, and of his step-grandson, and that he gave substantial aid to the children of several friends during their school-days. We have a public acknowledgment of Washington's interest in education in the fact that he was appointed Chancellor of William and Mary College in 1788. We, as students, should be especially interested to know what he thought concerning education.

And now we have before us George Washington, the kinsman, the lover and husband, the farmer, the sportsman, the friend, the enemy, the educator. With the "glass of clearest crystal" removed, we have seen him as an exceedingly human person, loving some of his relations very much, caring little for others, but anxious to help all, flirting and dancing and making merry with "the fair sex" until he meets Martha Custis, and then loving and next caring for her tenderly until his death, taking great interest in enlarging and improving his splendid estate, fond of all forms of out-door sports, enjoying them with his friends, of whom he had many as compared with his few personal enemies, realizing the importance of

education, and doing all in his power to promote it. After seeing his attitude towards his enemies, we can understand his saying, "If I know my own mind, I could offer myself a living sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's cause. I would be a living offering to the savage fury, and die by inches to save the people," and realize the absolute sincerity of the statement. Jefferson said of him: "His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity or friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man."

The Kindly Maid

Nell Witherington, '12, Adelphian

The girl who has of love and cheer
A store without an end,
Will never feel or even fear
The want of home and friend.

She is a maid of gracious ways,
Of kindly words and deeds;
And even on the grayest days
Her smile fills all your needs.

A Short-lived Butter Factory

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

The woods in that western mountain region were a scene of labor. New rough sheds and buildings were being erected with great rapidity. Watching the working men with distrustful looks were groups of mountaineers who seemed to be planning some meeting against these intruders upon the stillness of the woods. The sound of a saw mill filled the air with its buzzing noise; there was a ringing of steel, a rushing sound of great falling trees as they swished to the earth.

Apart from the workmen and the mountaineers were two small boys humped up on a pile of fresh-hewn timber. They were sunburnt, sandy-haired little lads, with bare, brown legs, and hands that mother nature alone must have cared for. One boy hunched his knees up to a more comfortable position and called his dog who was sniffing the torn-up ground where a tree had fallen. Then the boy spoke to his companion.

“Buck, hit shore be hard luck.”

“Hit shore be,” acquiesced Buck.

“The women-folk air taking hit hard; hit’s fer us men to run these here citified men out.”

“We can’t do hit, they’ve boughten the land,” argued Buck.

“But we can pester them into leaving!”

“How, Jim? I ask ye how?”

“I dunno, as yit, but I’ll think me out a plan; you jest wait.” With this Buck was satisfied, for he was used to Jim and his thought-out plans were generally effectual in their working out. The two boys left the pile of planks and went to inspect the work more closely.

The people of Haw Creek were great butter-makers. They supplied the hotels of several nearby mountain resorts with butter during the summer and in the winter they shipped the butter to a boys’ college. Through their skill at butter-making the women were able to buy such necessities as corn meal, salt, and clothes. The men sat in the grocery store, hunted, and sometimes deigned to devote a small portion of their time to

farming. But the supporting of the family was borne by the women entirely.

Now when a couple of strangers to the mountain people came to their settlement, bought up their grazing land and began setting up a kind of butter factory, the population of Haw Creek was dismayed. The new comers easily made a contract with the resort keepers and with the boys' school to take their butter. They promised to send "butter of a uniform size and color." True, the butter that the women had made was all sizes and colors, varying from deep orange to a sickly white. Still it was fresh and wholesome.

As the buildings neared completion a fine drove of Jersey cows was bought by the newcomers and the factory was started. The rival women were desperate; their daily moan was "they're taking the very food out of our mouths." Their husbands grumbled and made vague threats concerning the factory and still vaguer promises to their wives.

The two boys, Buck and Jim, seemed to haunt the site of the factory. Their favorite station was the place where the washing of the butter and the crocks took place. A stream that came fresh and clear from the mountains was better than a spring or a well for the butter-makers to use for their washing purposes. They had built cement troughs for it to run through. Here the butter was washed, and kept cool in crocks, and here all the milk vessels were cleaned. The stream was so clear that it made excellent drinking water also. Its source was several springs on a mountain, and from there it came tumbling over rocks, through the forest with its rhododendron thickets, and passed through the factory's property before it sought the valley.

It was while the boys were watching the butter being washed and moulded that Jim seized upon a plan to rid the settlement of the butter-making company.

"Ain't the water clear and nice fer 'em to wash the butter in, Jim?" asked Buck, by way of introducing some topic of conversation.

"Hit is, doggone hit," sputtered Jim, and he gave his dog's ear a twitch which made the devoted animal look up into

his master's face in wonderment. But his master paid no attention to the dog's gaze or his companion's numerous questions and remarks; he seemed to be thinking out some very serious problem. The problem occupied his mind through the remaining hours of the day.

The next morning, just as dawn was peeping over the rugged outlines of Haw Range, Buck was awakened by a low whistle under his window. In about two minutes he was climbing down the rough logs from his bedroom in the loft. He leaped to the ground with a gentle thud and sprinted towards a chicken coop where Jim and the dog were waiting.

“Wall?” queried Buck.

“Hev you hed breakfast?”

“Naw, jest up.”

“Take this here 'n,” and Jim thrust a mushy hunk of corn bread into his companion's hand. “I've some more of hit in this here poke; we'll need hit. Foller me, I'll 'splain soon.”

With Jim as leader, the two boys and the dog stealthily made their way to the butter factory. Jim left Buck at the cement trough with the injunction, “Ye stay right by this water and watch it until ye hear me holler like a turkey three times, then you start right up the mountain, follering the creek, till you come to me.”

Buck did as he was bidden. In about twenty minutes he noticed that the water began to look blackish. It became darker and darker with loamy soil until it came in a murky stream instead of the pure freshness that had once been. Then the watching boy heard three turkey calls and left the trough to follow the stream up the mountain. He soon came to a rhododendron thicket so dense that no one could make his way through it unless he crawled on hands and knees. Here the boy started to leave the stream so that he would not have to go through the thicket. Then he heard Jim calling, “Foller the creek. Ye can't see us, but we're here all right.”

He got down on all fours and worked his way through the gnarled branches for some distance before he saw the boy and his dog on the edge of the water. Jim held in his hand a crooked stick with which he constantly stirred the stream

and shoved black, loamy soil into it. "Now, I reckon they'll stop their old butter making, don't ye?"

"Yep," and Buck looked with great adoration at his friend.

The boys spent the whole day muddying the water. Sometimes the dog helped them, sometimes one worked alone. But a constant stream of black water took the place of the little creek's pure crystal. They worked on till about two hours after the sun had set; then crawling out from under the thicket they made for the settlement.

As they passed the village store two voices mumbling together, and then a sly laugh, made them stop and listen. The voices were familiar, the storekeeper's and "ole man Grey's." The latter was the oracle of the village.

"Funny about them a-taking your word fer hit, hain't hit?" the storekeeper was asking.

"Sure. But they don't know nothing about the ways of these here mountain streams. And when I up and told them that little Haw Creek was often that-a-way, cause of some consarned underground spring which fed the creek,—why, they up and believed me." Here the oracle chuckled in great glee. "But I would give a pretty to know jest what it was."

"Naw, naw, now don't let's find that out. Let's keep in ignorance. Hit would be best."

The men made ready to close the store up for the night, so the two boys and their dog sneaked around the bushes towards their homes.

"We'll keep it up—hit's a good work. Ye see, they believe 'ole man Grey,' he! he!" and Jim gave way to the first bit of humor he had indulged in during the whole busy day.

"I reckon we will. Be careful not to wake maw when ye whistle in the morning."

"Wall, yo do be so powerful hard to wake, Buck. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, yourself."

For three days the boys kept the butter factory from making any butter at all. The men, being ignorant as to the ways of mountain streams, had believed what "old man Grey" told them and were waiting patiently for the stream to clear. De-

mands for butter had come from the hotels. The mountain women had been able to satisfy the demands, much to the anger of the factory men.

All of the mountaineers had stayed loyal to the oracle and told the same story as he had told to the city men. But as to their own belief in the matter the mountaineers hardly knew what to think. Some few who knew Buck and Jim well suspected them. But the families of the respective boys were not anxious to have it believed that their boys were mixed up in such a big and dangerous undertaking.

When the fourth morning came and the water was muddy, the factory men lost all hope of its ever being clear again and began arranging to get water from another source. One of them declared that before he wasted any more of his time he was going up the stream and investigate. So with two others he started out. They soon reached the rhododendron thicket, and not attempting to crawl through, sought the stream on the other side. To their surprise it was clear as crystal. The trouble originated in the thicket. With difficulty they began penetrating into its depths. The boys had heard them coming and were hiding as best they could. But a low growl from the dog revealed them. It did not take the men long to comprehend the situation. The black loam was all plowed up, and on the banks of the stream were great hollow places from which much soil had been pushed into the creek. There were several forked sticks that the boys had used for their work.

“You young rascals!” shouted the men. “What do you mean; what right have you to do this thing?”

“This here creek ain’t yourn; tain’t nobody’s, an’ we can do what we want with hit,” Buck answered saucily—but with a tremble in his voice.

“Yes, and what right hev you-all to come and take our butter trade—what right?” and Jim clenched his fists and tried to look very fierce. He was almost as frightened as Buck.

The men growled out their anger and seizing the struggling boys with difficulty they dragged them back to the settlement. Jim and Buck were afraid; they did not know exactly how the mountaineers would deal with them. Whether their people

would commend their deed and save them, or else give them up to the butter-makers, they could not decide.

The bringing back of the culprits caused tremendous excitement in the settlement. The factory people began making preparations to take the boys to the county jail to await trial. The mountaineers were loud in their protests against it. The two sides quarreled and argued until night. Meanwhile the boys were locked up in the factory. There they lay, trembling and trying to keep from giving away to the disgrace of tears.

The women were as enraged as tigresses, first with the factory men and then with their husbands, who would quarrel and argue and stand around talking without doing any definite thing.

When the mountaineers went in to their suppers, each one was met with a veritable lashing of hot words from his wife. Each one was called a "lazy, good-fer-nothin' man, who would see two innercent boys caged up and not do a thing. Why, ye ought to take down your guns and fire into them men like ye onet would have done before ye tried to be so citified yourselves." Being called citified stirred the men more than anything. After swallowing a hasty supper, and many more words, each took down his gun and made for the store. There they all gathered, and in a few minutes were ready to start out for the factory. They did not have any definite idea what they intended doing, they only knew that their wives considered them cowards.

When the factory people heard them coming they were very much frightened. Having heard of the fierce nature of the mountaineers and their revengeful spirits, these city men felt that their lives were surely in danger. With a few words and threats the raiders succeeded in releasing the two boys, telling them to go home to their "maws." But Jim and Buck feeling that a climax in affairs had surely come when they saw the men folks so wrought up, refused to go, and stood sturdily by.

The oracle glared at the factory men and growled, "We've had enough of ye. Hit's time ye was a-leaving this here country. Here ye come a-taking the very food outer our mouths. Git! Boys, we'll teach 'em, won't we?"

“Yep, sure we will,” in a chorus.

“Ye had better git; there’ll be no peace fer ye. We’ll be in wait for ye on the roadside at night. We air safe here; we know these mountains and ye would be hunted and onsafe all the time.” The oracle kept up this train of convicting words until he had talked fear into the men’s hearts. The mountaineers were a fierce-looking crowd, and their fierceness made a lasting impression on the city men.

Finally they all dispersed. The next morning the factory was not working; there were noises as of articles being moved. The mountaineers said nothing, but persisted in carrying their guns with them everywhere. The day after, the factory men were gone, taking the fine herd of Jerseys and the churns and crocks.

The heroes of the conflict, Buck and Jim, were not flattered by any praise for their well-planned victory. The men took all the honors, and wasted many a good day at the grocery store talking it all over. The women resumed their work of supporting their families, since there was no more danger of the “food bein’ taken outer their very mouths by them city men.” The boys relaxed somewhat after the exploit, but being busy little chaps, soon found an outlet for their energies in the noble trade of rabbit trapping.

Cupid's Defeat

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

"Twas Valentine Day, a glorious one,
The birds were all gay, and bright gleamed the sun;
" "Tis time to be busy," Dan Cupid said,
As he thoughtfully stroked his bright curly head.

"My work must be done, so now I will go,
With arrows of love, my quiver and bow."
"Tis strange, you will say, but then it is true,
He first went to college to take a view.

He stood afar off and shaded his eyes,
He sighed as girls passed, and watched for his prize.
Such woeful expressions they wore, alas!
That for a long time, he let them all pass.

Finally he spied one, so happy and gay,
He laughed as she gracefully passed his way.
He aimed, but woe to his arrow of love,—
All her thoughts were soaring in regions above.

She dreamed of a time when she'd stand for fame
With B. P., A. B., and B. S. to her name.
The arrow was broken. Poor Cupid sighed.
"But I'll try again," he vehemently cried.

So once more he aimed with mischievous glee,
The arrow went to its mark, just to be
Broken again. Dan Cupid stood abashed
And down to the ground his arrows he dashed.

"I see of my line she's had quite enough.
Give her 'ologies, philosophy and all such stuff.
She prefers by 'degrees' to reach great fame,
Rather tag something on, than change her name."

Though Cupid was mad, he still stayed around,
But all he received was frown after frown.
The shop of the gods only mended his arrows,
Which fell to the ground like poor dead sparrows.

But the maid to break these was not quite content.
She fretted poor Cupid, and bad days he spent.
In staid cap and gown she took a firm stand,
And with demure air, diploma in hand,

She placed her foot on the little god's neck,
With never an atom of decent respect.
His bow was broken, his arrows were lost,
His quiver long since away he had tossed.

But, alas, came a time when Cupid was free
And a happier fellow you ne'er did see.
"If ever again I bother that girl
The wheels in my head must be in a whirl."

"She may call me, but like lightning I'll go,
My arrows weren't made to be broken so.
I hope she'll be happy and no doubt she'll be,
But if ever I know it, not again she'll catch me."



The Prize Fruit-Cake

Margaret Smith, '14, Adelphian

The whole village of Mapleton was in a stir, getting ready for one of the biggest events of the season, namely, the church's annual fair. Many prizes and rewards were given at this fair, and all housewives and good cooks strove to display their superiority in some form or another. The widow Sykes was bustling about in her kitchen preparing her famous fruit-cake, which was recognized as the best for miles around. She was in a very happy frame of mind as she mixed the ingredients in the big yellow bowl, with an air of "everybody-knows-mine's-best," and when she thought of any others, who might try for the fruit-cake prize, she threw back her head in contempt. Presently she began to sing, in a high soprano:

" There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

After the cake was turned out, in all its fragrance, to cool on the pantry shelf the good woman went to the kitchen window to get a mite of fresh air, so she said, but her real purpose was to see what her new neighbor was doing with so much moving around in her kitchen.

"Good-morning," called out the widow.

"How are you?" responded her neighbor, as she threw up the window and fanned her flushed face with the end of her big apron. "Getting things ready for the fair?"

"Yes, just finished my fruit-cake and turned it out. What have you gone in for?"

"Why, fruit-cake, too," the other answered; "and mine does look right pretty, if I do say so, being as how it's one of my first making. I was mighty scared it wouldn't turn out right, but I followed the directions of that new recipe in the 'Housewives Guide' exactly, and it looks lots better than I expected. My! but it's hot!"

The widow smiled sweetly and drew in her head. "Well,

good luck to you," she called out. Then she added to herself, "The 'Housewives Guide,' indeed, and here I have used my recipe all these years, and my mother before me!"

Mrs. Sykes ate a scanty supper, for even at forty-eight one gets very excited at times, and immediately afterward she put on her old-fashioned hat and prepared to take her cake to the fair. It was almost eight o'clock when she arrived at the building in which the fair was to be held, for on the way she had discovered the loss of her wedding ring, a simple gold band, and she had been delayed in looking for it. She searched carefully for two or three streets back, but the ring was not to be found.

Everybody in Mapleton, young and old, came out to the fair, for there was a great deal of interest centered in the contests alone, besides the other amusements that were to be found. The store, which had been rented for the purpose at a considerably low price, after much arguing between the ladies of the church and Mr. Jones, the proprietor, looked very brilliant with its many and varied decorations. There were booths on each side of the entrance, with displays of fancy work and embroidery. Flowers and festoons were draped along the sides and arranged over the stands where the younger generation presided over different articles and wares. The ice-cream booth, as usual, was most generously patronized. The most important place of all, though, was down at the lower end where the eatables were set forth in tempting array. Around these in different groups the crowd gathered and chattered, and gossiped. Over in one corner the widow was talking to Miss Synthia Green. This good woman was very much insulted over not being put on the decorating committee again, and she took special care to speak her mind loud enough for the president of the Guild to hear her. The talking grew louder and louder, as each good person grew more and more excited over some discussion of her neighbors.

Finally it was time to award the prizes, and when the judge rapped on the table everything grew quiet in an instant. Amanda Wells, as usual, carried off the prize for her gooseberry jam, and Mrs. Perkins for her bread. Soon the judges

came to the fruit-cakes. The widow was sitting stiff and straight in her chair, looking neither to the right nor left. In her hand she held tightly a little pasteboard slip that bore her number, a duplicate to the one on the cake. Directly opposite sat her new neighbor. The chairman cleared his throat and, after making his customary speech, announced in a loud voice that ten was the winning number. Everybody looked at the widow, expecting her to rise, but she never moved. Her number was nine. The woman directly opposite her rose, and with surprise showing in her face, marched proudly to the platform. People nudged each other and whispers went all around the room. What in the world was the matter with the widow's cake? It was even rumored that it was not only not considered the best in the lot, but was positively the worst, heavy and soggy. In the confusion that followed, the widow slipped out and went home. It was a pretty sore thing for one who had held supremacy in the fruit-cake line for twenty years to be put down by a new arrival. She sat down before the fire and thought and thought over what could have been the matter with her cake. What had she done wrong? She could think of nothing.

Her neighbor proudly bore her possession home and, with her happy husband, sat down to celebrate the occasion. They discussed the outcome of the fair, and the wife insisted after every piece that he should eat another. Finally she gave a startled exclamation, and held up to the light a gold ring, partly covered with cake. In it she read: "Martha H. Birch to Henry Sykes, Dec., 1872." It flashed over her in an instant. This was not her cake at all. By some accident the numbers had been mixed, and this explained the meaning of her good fortune. Of course she would settle with the judges next day and have them see the widow, but the thing to do right then was to go over and see that lady herself.

Mrs. Sykes was aroused by a slight tap at the door, and in answer to her summons the new neighbor walked in, bearing a large piece of fruit-cake and another small object in her hand.

"I know it's late," she said, falteringly, "but I came over to tell you that after all your cake was the prize-winner. The

numbers must have been mixed, for I found this ring, with your name on the inside, in the cake that I had. I'm real glad you won." The door shut.

"Well, well," said the widow. "That was queer business, and I'm sorry for her, still"—she sighed happily and went to sleep.



Two North Carolina Poets

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

One who has been called first among the poets of North Carolina is "that gentlest of minstrels," John Henry Boner. He was born in the quiet little town of Salem on the thirty-first of January, 1845. A picture of his birthplace is given in a book of his poems, "Boner's Lyrics." It is said to have been made from a poor old photograph on the back of which is written: "In this house in Salem, N. C., I was born January 31st, 1845. In '46 we moved to the old Salem Tavern and about '49 back to this place. In this home I wrote my first poem, and this house is the subject of 'Broken and Desolate,' p. 70, 'Whispering Pines,' J. H. B." Here the poet's family lived until he grew to manhood. This house still stands on Liberty Street of historic old Salem.

Boner was the son of Thomas and Phoebe Boner, earnest and God-fearing people, who instilled into the hearts of their children a love for the pure and good in life. Unlike his quiet Moravian parents, the young John Henry was of a jovial disposition and loved fun and a joke and the merry times of boyhood. He also loved the rest and quiet of forest and field, and spent many happy hours wandering among the nearby woods. Flat on his back beneath the dark pines he would dream of the beauties that filled his soul as he listened to the southing of the wind through the treetops. Here he composed much of his sweetest poetry and found the name for his first little book, "Whispering Pines."

In his boyhood the young poet was given the best educational advantages that the town afforded, but these were limited because of the needs at home requiring his help. This he cheerfully gave, obtaining a position as apprentice at the old "Salem Press" office. Here he worked faithfully and well, yet the indoor life and long hours were no doubt often irksome to his poet's nature that loved the free air, and the woods and fields. In "A Memory of Boyhood" he has given us a picture of the hours spent along the Yadkin River that flowed near his home.

“Floating on the gentle Yadkin, in an olden-time canoe,
Singing old plantation ballads—I and charming blue-eyed Sue—
Blue-eyed, golden-tressed Sue.”

Here he also tells us of the “ripe delicious muscadines,” “sweetest grapes that ever clustered,” and ends with—

“Years may pass, but I can never cease to dream of blue-eyed Sue,
And the mornings on the Yadkin in the olden-time canoe—
Blue-eyed, golden-tressed Sue.”

Here, in his work on the old Salem Press, Boner received a good part of his education and probably, here also, he had his first dreams of becoming a useful man in the literary world. He made good use of his time and, being possessed of a good memory, obtained much knowledge that was of use to him in after years.

Just after the Civil War, he established “The Salem Observer,” the “Salem Press” having been suspended. This was not a success financially, although of literary worth. Some time after this, he was connected with a newspaper in Asheville until in 1868, when he was made reading clerk of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention. In 1869-70 he served as clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives. While in Raleigh he met the woman who afterwards became his wife and learned to love her,

“Unto whom I cleave
Loyally and do believe
Noblest type of womanhood.”

Because of some political experience during the reconstruction period he left North Carolina and, at the invitation of a friend, went to Washington, where he entered the civil service. Here he served in the printing office until 1886. During his stay in this city his poems first began to be appreciated and his growing fame as a poet gave him one of the happiest experiences of his life.

While here, in 1883, his first book of poems, “Whispering Pines,” was published and won for him recognition and appreciation throughout the North. Chief among the literary men who praised his verse was Mr. Edmund Clarence Steadman,

with whom the poet formed a pleasant friendship. When in 1886, Boner was removed from office by the Republican administration because of his being a Democrat, Steadman invited him to New York City and secured for him a position on the staff of the "Century Dictionary," then in course of preparation. The poet at this time also aided Mr. Steadman in his "Library of American Literature." Of this work the author says: "For the accuracy of the text we are greatly indebted to the friendship and professional skill of Mr. John H. Boner, of the 'Century Dictionary' staff, who has given much of his spare time to the correcting of our page proofs, and in other ways has been of service to the work."

Although far away in busy, bustling New York City, the Tar Heel poet never forgot his childhood home, but often thought of and wandered in fancy through quiet, quaint old Salem, "the dearest spot on earth" to him. The following extracts from letters written to friends in North Carolina, while he was in the North, expresses better than other words can, the love which he always bore to the Old North State:

"It is a bitter cold day, dark, stormy. I wish you and I could spend a night such as this will be in some snug country house, where we could sleep in the 'big room' with rosy light from the ample fireplace playing over the walls and ceiling. Wouldn't we talk! And occasionally get up and replenish the fire, * * then let the roosters crow—and we cuddle up and go to sleep."

To a friend in Salem he also wrote:

"Although I have no longer a home in North Carolina, and hardly any kindred there, my love for her increases, rather than diminishes year by year. Fortunately my wife is a North Carolinian, so my alienage is not without many a sweet solace. Apropos of my affection for the Old North State, I send you one of my latest poems, which contains a passage expressive of my constancy."

Boner received many honors during his residence in the North, yet his life here, on the whole, was far from a pleasant one. In 1888 he was elected a member of the Authors' Club in New York, an honor that he well deserved and that was

gladly conferred upon him. For a time he was literary editor of the "New York World," and on the completion of his work on the "Standard Dictionary," in recognition of his editorial ability, the "Literary Digest" was placed in his control. This he improved and raised to its present high standard, which has since been maintained. He continued in charge of this publication until 1897, when he displayed one of the conspicuous traits of his character, that of dogged and unyielding persistence,—in not agreeing on a matter of no great importance which came up between him and the editors of the magazine. Rather than to yield he resigned from his editorship. After this time the dark, unhappy part of his life in the North began. Although his poems were readily accepted by the best magazines of the country, it was not long until he was in extreme poverty. His home had to be given up and his health failed. His friends, however, managed to procure again for him his old position in Washington. Broken in health and worn by the wear and tear of life in New York, he once more resumed his old desk in the civil service, and was welcomed by many of his old associates.

It was soon apparent, however, that his strength was not strong enough for this work and that only a long period of rest and quiet would improve his failing health. A small pamphlet entitled "Some New Poems," published about this time, furnished means sufficient for a trip South, and soon his long cherished wish—a trip to the Old North State—was fulfilled.

Back in the old home where "Morning comes with sudden splendor, rosy glow and odor laden," he was at peace once again. In "The Wanderer Back Home" he expresses the pleasure of being at home after his long exile:

"Back in the Old North State,
Back to the place of his birth,
Back through the pines' colonnaded gate
To the dearest spot on earth,—
No sweeter joy can a star feel
When into the sky it thrills
Than the rapture that wings a Tar Heel
Come back to his native hills."

After a short rest, the poet returned to the North, but death soon came to claim its own, and on the sixth of March, 1903, he was gently laid to rest, far from the land he loved so dearly.

Boner's whole life was one of singular beauty and sweetness. He loved all that was beautiful and noble, and possessed an unwavering faith in the wisdom and goodness of God. Throughout his poems there is a hopeful reverence, a cheerful optimism that leads him to say, even in his saddest moments, "God is good."

This "first poet of our State" was not a prolific writer,—indeed, the poems entitled "Boner's Lyrics" fill but a thin little volume, but they are poems that will live in the hearts of our people and in the history of our State through the years to come. Boner has been described as "a bright and shining light in the literary world, and a poet whose writings so frequently touched the tender chords in the human breast, and preached plain sermons, that it is not all life to live, but to live and have eternity in view."

On December 11, 1904, the friends of the poet brought his remains to his old home in Salem and laid him to rest in the old Moravian graveyard,

"Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
The first loved of his life are laid."

There a simple white marble slab was placed above his grave, upon which is the inscription written by Mr. Steadman, "the poet's good friend:”

JOHN HENRY BONER
BORN IN SALEM, N. C.
JANUARY 31, 1845.
DIED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.
MARCH 6, 1903.

"That gentlest of minstrels who caught
his music from the whispering pines."

Another who has contributed a wealth of beautiful verse to the glory of the Old North State is Benjamin F. Sledd, professor of English at Wake Forest College. Mr. Sledd was not born in North Carolina. Virginia claims this honor, but it is our State that has given him the inspiration for his poetry and it is here, too, that he has chosen to make his home.

Unlike the poet Boner, Mr. Sledd seems to have always had a peaceful and happy life. He was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on August 24, 1864. Here his parents, William and Arabella Sledd, lived on the old ancestral plantation and retained in their home many of the characteristics of the old-time southern plantation life. His forefathers were "planter-folk, distinguished chiefly for good living, land-holding, and ruling everything for ten miles around." On his father's side, the poet's first American ancestors were James Douglass, a Scotch Covenanter's son and a soldier of the War of 1812, and Thomas Sledd, a soldier of the Revolution. On his mother's side he was a descendant of the Hobsons, who originally settled near Petersburg. From this family has also descended another illustrious man, Richmond Pearson Hobson, famous in the history of the Spanish and American War.

The poet spent his boyhood on the old Virginia plantation, in close companionship with his mother, a woman of strong personality. Like most mothers of great men, it was she who gave her poet son the deepest and most abiding influences of his life. Mrs. Sledd was a woman who found her greatest happiness in her home,—managing her household in the good old-fashioned way, and seeing that all those about her were happy and content. Although not an invalid, she was never known to enter a neighbor's yard, and for twenty years never left the gate of her own place. On this old place the young boy was under the best influences for the making of a poet. His free country life, the wild woods and broad fields about him, and the people that he lived among—all helped to develop his poetic nature. The nightly gatherings of children and servants about the great kitchen fireplace, the stories that were told here by old slaves, and the quaint negro songs that were sung, gave to the receptive nature of the listening boy thoughts

and experiences that have ever been with him. His "Picture of Isaac," an old slave and friend of his boyhood, is one of his most characteristic poems:

"Isaac's horn, without, is sounding daybreak summons unto all,—
Mansion, cabin, byre, and sheepfold, wakens to the mellow call.
And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots into flame;
To the trundle bed then stealing, whispers low each sleeper's name.
Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to claim?
And he tells of many a secret Santa Claus alone should know,—
Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light to show.
* * * * *

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the way;
Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.
Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before
the door,
And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor."

The poet's first instructions were received at the "Little Brown School House" near his home. Here he learned to read and write, and also many of the mischievous things that little boys love. From the family of a German tenant living nearby he became familiar, at an early age, with Heine, Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller, and loved them. It has been said that to this, perhaps, is due the German mysticism that critics have discovered in his verse.

Having prepared himself for college, he entered the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., in 1881. Five years later, in 1886, he graduated from this college, receiving the degree of Master of Arts. The next year, 1887, was spent at Johns Hopkins, and in 1888 he became professor of English at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, where he still remains.

Some time after coming here he married Miss Meda Purefoy, a grand-daughter of J. S. Purefoy, one of the founders of Wake Forest College. At the present time the poet lives close by the college campus in an old-fashioned house, filled, as he says, "with books and babies." Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of his life is his love for children. He is never more happy than when wandering in the woods and fields followed by a small army of village children. One of the

greatest sorrows of his life was the deaths of two of his own little ones who had been his constant companions in woods and fields. One of his books of poems, "Margaret and Miriam, a Book of Verse for all who love little children," written in 1908, is a collection of elegies inspired by the deaths of these little ones.

Besides this book Mr. Sledd has had two others published, "From Cliff and Scaur" in 1897, and "The Watches of the Heath" in 1902. These were received very favorably by critics and enjoyed a wide circulation. Throughout, his poetry is refined and elevating in quality, beautiful in thought, and artistic in style. One of the chief characteristics of his verse is the vigor of thought and expression displayed in it. In reading his poems one finds "a subtle sympathy with the delicate and more refined moods of nature and a poet's understanding of the world of mystery which enraptures them." It has been said that in beauty and richness of imagination many of his lines have never been equalled by any American poet, while their breath of mystery and loveliness of thought make them a great and permanent addition to the ballad poetry of our literature. "In all of Mr. Sledd's poetry one finds a delicate and haunting pessimism that does not become unbalanced and a subtle refined pathos that is never sentimental." His verse displays the gift of a sincere poet and a conscientious artist. His poems are not echoes, but the free and unconstrained outpourings of "a singularly delicate and tender soul which sings its own song and sings it well, for it has lived deeply."

In character, Mr. Sledd is a kindly man, a man with a simple strong heart, full of deep understanding and love toward all mankind. He has a good sense of humor and finds time to pay attention to the little things of life that only a man with this sense and a disposition such as his would notice. In reply to a high-school girl, who had written asking some facts of his life, he wrote the following letter:

"I have not yet allowed my biography to be written, since I propose living some few more years and doing a few more things, but you are welcome to the facts of my life so far as I

know them. Really there is very little to tell. Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Aug. 22, 1864. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept., 1864. Must have seen and heard some hard fighting, but unfortunately I remember little of this. Prepared myself for college, or rather went unprepared. Spent five years at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia (1881-1886), graduating with M. A. Spent a year at the Johns Hopkins and have been professor in Wake Forest since 1888. Am married, have three children, haven't got over the love for my wife, am fond of nature, of children, and of women in general. Don't find men interesting or practical; mere money-making machines." Then he tells of the books that he has written and adds, "The critics have treated my books very considerately."

Indeed, North Carolina has much to be proud of in Mr. Sledd who, like Mr. Boner, has done much that will live in the history of our State and add new glories to its pages.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

Dora Coats, '12, Cornelian

"John," said Mrs. Anderson, looking up from her paper one evening, as she sat before the fire in the bright, cozy sitting-room, "I just believe the burglars have planned to rob every house in this city here lately. Nearly every day we hear of a new robbery. I see here in the paper that the people who live in that new house on the corner of this block were robbed last night. It is getting to be dreadful. Just suppose they should come here tonight and get our money, what would we do?"

Her husband, who sat at a small table near an iron safe which stood in the corner of the room, was counting a pile of money which lay on the table before him. At his wife's words he looked up at her smiling, but his face soon became grave, and he said, "Mary, I have been thinking of that, too, while I have been sitting here counting this money which we have been laying by this winter. There is just enough to give twenty little waifs of this city one glorious month in the country next summer at that big farm of yours,—for our little girl's sake," he added reverently. "Now, since we have got the exact sum, I shall take it to the bank tomorrow, for it isn't safe to keep it here now. But, Mary, somehow I feel anxious, too, about it tonight, as if something might happen to it."

The little wife arose and saying, "Wait a moment," went into the next room. She soon returned, holding a long, golden curl in her hand. Her sweet lips quivered as she handed the curl to her husband. "Put our little one's curl on the top of the money to keep it safe. Surely that will protect it," she said.

Her husband smiled, but took the curl and, having put the money in the safe, he tenderly laid the golden curl of hair upon it, and securely fastened the door. "Now, Mary," he said, turning to his wife, "let's go to our room and go to sleep and forget all about robberies. I feel better already about our money." So saying he turned out the light and they left the room.

About two hours later all was still and dark in the little cottage upon which the moon shone so brightly. The clock in a distant part of the city had just chimed out the hour of twelve, when a man stealthily approached the cottage. At the same time a dark cloud passed over the moon. The man crept up the steps and across the porch to a window. He tried the shutters, but found them securely fastened. Then kneeling down upon the floor he drew something bright and shining from his pocket and worked quietly for a moment or two with the shutter. Soon the shutter flew open with a low grating sound. He crouched very close for a moment or two, hardly daring to breathe, until he was satisfied that no one had been awakened by the sound. Then, carefully raising the window, he stepped into the room. There was still a heap of glowing embers in the grate, which gave a little warmth and light to the room. The man took in the contents of the room at a glance and then swiftly and noiselessly made straight for the little iron safe standing in the corner. He knelt down on the carpet, lit his lantern, examined the safe, and then, taking out his tools, he began work.

He was a large, well-built man with rather stooping shoulders. His clothes, although they bore signs of long wear, were of good material. The face, which was bent so intently upon his work at the safe, was a hard, haggard and restless one. The features, though regular and clean cut, bore signs of dissipation. His broad, high forehead was wrinkled, but not with age. His eyes were bloodshot, yet there was something like an appeal in them. His hands, large and strong looking, never faltered or trembled while he worked at the safe.

The dull, grating sound was the only noise to be heard. Every now and then the man stopped his work and listened intently, with his ear turned toward a door of the room which opened into the bedroom.

After a long tedious time the door of the safe opened slowly. A greedy, exultant light came into the man's eyes as he reached eagerly for a pile of bank notes in the safe. But as he laid his hand on the money something soft and warm, as if it was alive, wrapped around his finger. Startled, he shook his hand in an

effort to free his finger from the thing, but it still clung closely. Then, holding his hand near the lantern to see what it was, a shudder ran over his frame, for around his finger a beautiful, soft, golden curl was entwined. The man's haggard face grew very pale and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he looked at the lock of hair. He did not move. A vision swept into his mind and the present went away from him. A far away look came into his eyes, for he was thinking of the past. A picture came up before him—a picture of his own little girl who had curls just like the one on his finger. It had been just four years ago since that time when he last saw her lying white and still in a little casket with her hands full of white roses. His wife, the pride of his heart, soon followed their child to the grave and he was left alone.

His dearest possessions gone, he cared for nothing, but gave up all ambition, saying, "God is not just," and tried to drown his grief by plunging into all manner of evil. He had left the responsible position that he had hardly entered into and had made a mockery of work.

As all these things passed before him, another picture came into his mind—that of his gentle, gray-haired mother and his proud old father whom he had disgraced. He had been their pride and joy before his downfall. He could hear his mother's tremulous pleading voice as she had begged him after the death of his wife and child, to care for and protect her and his father in their lonely old age. He saw his sister's life blighted by his own. She had given up what was dearest to her, she had sacrificed her ambitions and was now working in order to provide the aged father and mother with the comforts of life, while he, a strong, healthy man, was leading the life of a common burglar!

A change came over the man's hardened face as these thoughts came before him. His features were overspread by a softened look, almost beautiful. A new light came into his eyes. Then for a moment deep sobs shook his frame. Soon he became calm, and pressing the silken curl to his lips, he laid it carefully back in its place. Then he picked it up again and started to put it in his pocket—then he hesitated. "Maybe

its the only one they have," he said to himself, and put it back again. He closed the safe door, leaving the money untouched. Then he took up his lantern and, having put his tools in his pocket, he turned away from the safe.

He crept softly out of the room and was soon out on the street. He walked with a ringing step, his head thrown back and his shoulders erect. The moon was shining brightly now, and the stars seemed to be vieing with each other as to which could shine the brightest.

When Mr. and Mrs. Anderson entered the sitting-room next morning after breakfast Mr. Anderson said, "I'll get out the money now and take it down to the bank." They both crossed over to the safe and Mr. Anderson stooped down to unfasten the door, when, to his astonishment, the door was already unfastened. "Robbed," he muttered. Mrs. Anderson turned pale and gave a quick little cry, "Oh, what shall we do? Is it all gone?" As if in answer to her question they both looked in the safe at the same time. They could hardly believe their eyes, for the money was just like they had left it the night before. They looked at each other with wonder and astonishment written on their faces. "I'm sure I fastened it last night," said Mr. Anderson, and they stood silent a few moments. Soon a wonderfully soft light came into Mrs. Anderson's eyes. "John," she said, "could it have been our baby's curl that saved the money?"



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee chosen from the Faculty.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.

Advisory Committee

MR. W. C. JACKSON

MISS JULIA DAMERON

MISS EMMA KING

MISS EDNA CLARE BRYNER

Board of Editors

Adelphian

MAREA JORDAN, '11, *Chief*
E. ROSE BATTERHAM, '11
MARGARET COBB, '12

Cornelia

MYRTLE B. JOHNSTON, '11, *Chief*
LELIA WHITE, '11
CLYDE FIELDS, '12

MAREA JORDAN, *Business Manager*

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 5

A SUGGESTION

We, as Adelphians and Cornelians, have always been more or less interested in the "State Normal Magazine." During this school year we have been more interested than ever before, and therefore will welcome any suggestion which has for its purpose the betterment of our publication. Some students have presented a plan which they think will, if adopted, make the Magazine more worth while. It is this: We all know of the four regular courses in our Normal College: the Bachelor of Pedagogy, preparing especially for teaching; the Bachelor of Arts, laying stress on the languages; the Bachelor of Science, emphasizing the value of scientific subjects; the Bachelor of Music, giving, primarily, higher musical culture. We all know, too, that the great majority of our students enter one of these regular courses, and that they are interested particularly in the work they have undertaken. Therefore, these stu-

dents argue, if, in our Magazine, departments can be established corresponding to these departments of the school work, the Magazine will have taken a great step in advance. For the girls will be interested in the special subjects they have chosen to study and they will take great pleasure in preparing articles for these departments. They will also take great pleasure in reading these articles. For the department of Pedagogy, they might write upon some improved method of teaching, or about some great educator. For the department of Music, they might give an explanation of some musical interpretation or the life of a famous musician. If the editors could not give enough space for the four articles every month, they could publish one each month, alternating the different departments.

This is the plan as presented. By its application the originators believe that the Magazine will be made to appeal more directly to the students. They believe that the students will take more interest in writing for the Magazine, and that they will take more interest in reading the Magazine. The editors and the other students still have to express what they believe will result from the adoption of this plan.

L. G. C., '13, Adelphian.

A REPLY It is always gratifying when the people of our college, either students or members of the faculty, feel enough interest in the Magazine to offer suggestions or criticisms concerning it. We are, therefore, very glad to print the above article which comes from a student and contains a rather good suggestion.

Although the idea of establishing departments in the Magazine corresponding to the four regular courses in College has some points in its favor, we do not think that, on the whole, it would be an advisable course to pursue. In the first place, a series of four heavy articles each month would take up more space than the limited means of a publication, such as ours, could very well afford, and would consequently mean the elimination of much interesting and well written material that could not possibly be classed under either of these four depart-

ments. Again, while it is perhaps true that the girls, as a rule, might take more interest and get more enjoyment in writing along lines of their particular work, it would, on the whole, tend to make the Magazine pedantic and more a vehicle for class-room work than a means of expression for every phase of college life. While we do not aim to publish a joke book, or "Life" or "Puck", yet we do wish to have each month a number in which there is an even balance of material, not one in which the heavier articles noticeably predominate.

The plan of alternating the departments each month is a much more practicable one and has only one drawback. That is that a certain degree of sameness would inevitably result, and the elements of surprise and unexpectedness, which are always fertile sources of interest, would be lacking.

We do, however, think that the following plan, which differs from the above somewhat, might be successfully carried out, and we propose to try it at least and see how it works. With the help of the heads of the departments we hope to keep posted a list of subjects along various lines of work in which the majority of the girls are interested; so that whenever anyone feels inclined to write something for the Magazine and does not feel quite sure of just what class of subject matter is acceptable she may consult this list and gain a suggestion if nothing more. We sincerely hope that this will prove a source of inspiration to many who have so far lacked the courage to make a contribution. Again we wish to thank the writer for her suggestion and for the interest that prompted it. It shows that there has been some thinking going on, and when people think they usually act.

Just here we wish to once more express our appreciation of the hearty good will and interest with which the students are meeting all the requests of the editors. It is an inspiration to work for a magazine backed by a student body that is seeking in every way to improve it. We have only one suggestion to make, and that is that more people try to write for it. We want the Magazine to represent the majority of the girls, not an aristocracy of writers.



Contributors' Club

College Conversations

The Magazine

“Ann, who writes all those things for the Magazine?”

“What things do you mean?”

“Why, you know, all those things about loud talking, misbehavior in the dining hall and all that?”

“Oh, my roommate writes them.”

“Well, I don’t mean to say anything against your roommate, but I don’t think they ought to be printed in the Magazine.”

“Why?”

“Because that Magazine goes all over the State and—well, when people read it they will think we’re just—just Hottentots up here.”

“Nonsense, it’s the same in all schools.”

“Perhaps so, but at any rate we don’t find it out through the Magazine.”

“That may be true, but there’s this way of looking at the matter: the Magazine is published for our own particular benefit, and I suppose it is a good way to correct such evils if they are brought before us in plain black and white. Certainly if we are ashamed of such things we ought to be willing to correct them in the quickest and most effectual way.”

“Yes, but I don’t like it all the same. There’s the bell and I don’t know my Math. at all. Good-bye!”

“Good-bye, but remember that the Magazine is first of all for us, and when we have become low voiced the State will find it out—through the Magazine.”

E. R. B., '11, Adelphian.

M. B. J., '11, Cornelian.

Trades

“Hello, Margaret, I’ve something to tell you. It’s awfully nice.”

Margaret: “Wait a minute, girls, I’ve just got to know what Emelie is going to tell me. What is it, Em? Tell me quick.”

“I will—it’s a trade. Last go, though.”

“Oh dear! I haven’t one for you right this minute, though of course I’ve heard just loads of nice things about you. Give it to me on credit, won’t you? There’s a dear!”

“I guess I’ll have to. Now promise you won’t ever tell it; for it

would never do for the girl who said it to know that I told you. Why, she'd never trust me again."

"Oh, please do hurry and tell me. I'm just dying to know, and it's almost time for the bell to ring."

"Oh well, I guess I'll have to tell you. It was this: Somebody just thinks you're the *sweetest* girl she ever saw. And I believe she's half way crazy about you."

"Who said it? I'm just dying to know!"

"Oh, I just couldn't tell you that."

"Please do. It's too bad for you to treat me that way. There's the bell and I must go. Do hurry!"

"Well, if I must I must. It was Mary R—."

"Did she, really? How perfectly lovely! But I'll never believe it. Good-bye. Come to see me real soon!"

"Open or Closed?"

One day, after lunch, the halls were echoing with "open or closed." Here and there groups of girls were standing discussing open and closed society. As soon as a girl joined one of these groups she was hailed with, "Are you for open or closed society?" If for one or the other she was drawn into the center of the group, but if on the fence she stood on the edge listening to the discussion.

"I am for closed society."

"Well now, why are you?"

"One thing, it adds interest, and a common secret always draws girls closer together. A certain body of people, having some work in common, will be closer drawn together from the fact that they alone know it."

"A man is known by his deeds. If we knew that the work of our societies was known, we would increase our efforts to make our deeds worthy of us. Then if we were open to criticism and thought that we were being criticised, we would strive the more to do our best."

"As it is we do the best in our power for the love of our society alone and not for the opinion of outsiders."

"If each society knew the work of the other we could profit by one another's experience."

"I grant that we might learn something from one another's experience, but at the same time there would be a great competition, making us farther apart and causing jealousy and discontent."

"If the societies are opened they will be on the same basis as the class. In a class each one knows what to tell and what not to tell."

"If once any part of the societies' affairs becomes known, such as the officers and committees, confusion will arise and some girls at least will feel at liberty to tell anything that happens during the meeting. A thing that is not secret is open. And no one is under any obligations to keep anything secret after the societies are opened."

Just at this point the bell rang and the girls scattered to their various classes, each one firm in her own opinion.

K. S., '12, Cornelian.



The Point of View

College Work and Leisure

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

The thoroughness of the training for life afforded by the average American college course has been often and justly questioned. According to Woodrow Wilson this inefficiency has its basis in the abnormally crowded life of students, particularly undergraduates. There is much more to increase self-consciousness, and to distract us from the definite purpose of the pursuit of knowledge, than in the days of rude but thoroughly wholesome college democracy. Modern collegiate life includes athletics, music, dramatics, amateur journalism, social formalities and informalities, debates, and often religious activities, outside of classroom work and systematic library reading.

The play-spirit is not lacking in the college girl, but added to it—far more than in the case of a college boy—is a sense of responsibility and sober self-importance. She makes innumerable engagements and accepts innumerable athletic, class, and social duties; adds them to an already bursting schedule; and conscientiously and bravely goes through with it all. She may even read fifteen minutes each day "for pure enjoyment," even though she must glance at the clock every five minutes to make sure that she is not over-reading; and she usually spends thirty minutes in walking for exercise and recreation, though at the same time she may be memorizing a poem, or a Latin talk. Every hour is planned for as she tries to convince herself that human nature can be divided and sub-divided in its functions indefinitely, like some machine, and set going by a button.

All this is wrong, and the dissatisfaction is mutual with faculty and students; yet the remedy is not so evident. It is very doubtful whether, if a certain amount of leisure was presupposed by the college curriculum, the students would increase their interest in letters, or would give more time to their executive and social duties. The college instructor, therefore, considering the purpose of the institution to be chiefly intellectual, raises the standard of the college, as a safeguard for its intellectual life.

The desire of the students, on the other hand, is hardly tangible. Freedom and release from nervous tension would perhaps come first, yet not many would have the courage to be found with empty hands—doing absolutely nothing. This is evident from the fact that our

walking periods are often used for some necessary errand, or the discussion of points for a coming debate or theme, and even the period of chapel exercises is sometimes reserved for writing letters.

We seek responsibility, and "so far so good," for we can never deserve it without experience; yet how much power of meeting such responsibility have we shown in those things over which we do have control?

We all desire the same end: the best good of the student. In college life, as in everything else, it is true that "over crowding is crowding out," and that the lack of the power of selection of the choice of the important from the myriad of unimportant things is our greatest fault. The burden of choice must necessarily rest on the individual, yet surely we, as a whole, can do our part by refusing to needlessly multiply social and executive duties.

Borrowing

Lillian Hunt, '18, Cornelian

When in college, we students often form a very bad habit of borrowing. Occasionally, when we find that there is something we need, we go to some of our school friends and borrow it. Several days later the girl whose article we borrowed comes for her property—which alas! we forgot to return. When once we form this habit of borrowing and forgetting to return, it grows from bad to worse. Sometimes we even lend the borrowed article to another girl. One morning Mary P. borrowed a hammer from Lulu, who had some time before borrowed it from Annie, who had borrowed it from Susie. Whether the hammer was ever restored to its owner or not is doubtful. Then another time, one of Mary P.'s classmates frequently borrowed her Latin note book, some of the time without leave. Whenever Mary could not find her note book in her own room, she would go to this girl's room and find it there. One night another girl came to Mary to borrow the book. After searching all over her room, Mary could not find it anywhere. Not long afterwards she asked this classmate if she had the book—and sure enough she did have it. It is needless to say how Mary felt. It is said that once a girl on leaving college remarked that everything she had in her trunk was borrowed. After being seriously inconvenienced several times by either borrowing or lending, we will readily agree with the poet when he said,

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

The New Requirement Passed by the Faculty Council

Lillian G. Crisp, '13, Adelphian

The Faculty Council has recently made a new regulation concerning the classification of students in our college. The regulation reads thus: "No student who has work in a Preparatory Department can rank higher than a Freshman, and no student who has Freshman work can rank higher than a Sophomore."

There was abundant reason for this new requirement. It is no unusual occurrence in our college for a Sophomore to have Second Preparatory work, or for a Junior or Senior to have one or more Freshman studies. Of course, whenever this is the case, work must have been passed off in higher subjects to make the student a member of her respective class. This irregular work is very inconvenient, both to the teacher and to the pupil. There are always conflicts between the higher and lower subjects, both in daily recitations and in examinations. Girls taking both advanced and preparatory work cause a great deal of bother and delay in the organization of the college in the fall and in the arrangements for examinations at mid- and end-term. And then, from the standpoint of the student, such a state of affairs is bad. No girl can do as good work in an irregular course as in a regular, as all of us know who have tried the experiment. Almost invariably the result is that one or more subjects must be "doubled" on before graduation. And a subject "doubled" cannot receive the consideration it otherwise would. Truly the incentive for the passing of this requirement was not lacking.

Whether the result of the regulation will be good or bad is, for the present, a question that cannot be determined. It does not go into immediate effect, so those of us who are behind with our work will have time to catch up in it. And we cannot help but believe that anything which will help to straighten out the present condition of things, and make our courses regular, will be of help both to us and to the faculty. And believing thus, until the results are such as to change our opinions, we will thank the Faculty Council for its new requirement.

What Meditation Hour Means to Us Students

Annie Cummins, '12, Cornelian

One of the things we all value a great deal at the Normal College is our "Meditation Hour," which begins at two-thirty o'clock on Sunday afternoon and continues until four-thirty. These two hours we may quietly spend in our rooms. During this time we may write letters to our home-folks and friends, to whom we have not had time

to write to during the week; we may spend many pleasant moments in reading some good book; and, perhaps after our other work is accomplished, we may take a nap. There is nothing to disturb our peace and rest for two whole hours; and at the end of this time we feel that our body and mind has received new energy. No one, who has not experienced, as a student, "Meditation Hour" at the Normal College, can realize how much good the students derive from these two hours of rest, when we may be shut off, as it were, from the stir and bustle of college duties.





Society Notes

With the Adelphians

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

The Adelphian Literary Society held its regular meeting on the twentieth of January. For a literary program the members enjoyed a most helpful and interesting talk by Mr. W. C. Jackson. Mr. Jackson chose for his subject "The Old Order Changeth." He drew a sharp contrast between the life today as compared with that of a few years ago. It was a talk that made the hearers long to take part in the growth and help in the advancement of the new spirit of the present age. Misses Ivor Aycock and Alice Morrison added to the evening's enjoyment by singing several selections.

At the next meeting of the Adelphians four new members were initiated. After the initiation service and the business meeting of the society, a play was given. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan," by Yeats, is a play which represents, through a scene laid in Ireland, the power that war has over the souls of men. The part of the Spirit of War, or Cathleen ni Hoolihan, was taken by Miss Alice Morrison. The part was wonderfully well done. Margaret Pickett, taking the part of Bridget Gillane, and Margaret Faiston that of Peter Gillane, gave a splendid idea of the peasant's life through their acting. Thelma Smith, representing Michael Gillane, brought out the struggle that was waged between the love of home and the power of war in the lover's mind. His betrothed, Delia Cabel, was represented excellently by Margaret Berry. Elizabeth Jones made a splendid little Patrick Gillane. The society also enjoyed several solos given by Agnes Wills. Miss Wills has an exceptionally sweet voice and her singing of the "Rosary" was beautiful.

With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

At the regular meeting of the society on January 31, 1911, one of William S. Gilbert's plays, entitled "Sweethearts," was given. This little dramatic contrast ranks as one of the best of the few comedies that have come down to us from Gilbert's pen. It contains little else than dialogue, and there is not much dramatic action. It will be observed that there is no unity of time, the second act taking place thirty years after the first.

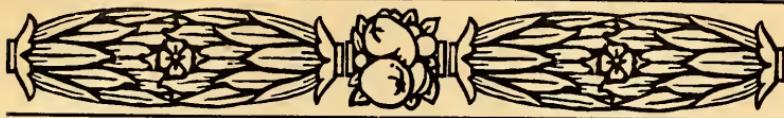
The play consists of two acts. The first takes place when Mr. Henry Spreadbrow and Miss Jennie Northcott are young. The whole scene is one of youth and springtime. The lover is leaving home, and much to his discomfiture his departure seems not to disturb Miss Jennie, who pretends to be in love with Captain Dampier. She feigns her part well and succeeds well in teasing him in a very innocent manner. The second scene is in the autumn, in contrast to the first. Thirty years have elapsed, and the little English garden, at the home of Miss Jennie, has changed as well as the two characters who meet here again after each has grown older. We learn from the little opening scene between Miss Jennie, now a sweet-faced maiden lady, and the little maid, Ruth, that Miss Jennie's life has not been as happy as it might. But this is not for long, because even after the lapse of thirty years Mr. Spreadbrow comes back and is much surprised to find her still Miss Jennie. Now the tide has turned, and at first he appears not to seem much concerned about her not having married Captain Dampier. After he has fully paid her back for the way in which she fooled him, he stops the little part he is affecting and tells her that the real play has just begun. There is a delightful little vein of humor entering in through Wilcox, the gardener.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Harry Spreadbrow	Nan Lacy
Wilcox, the gardener	Zora Hannah
Miss Jennie Northcott	Edith Latham
Ruth, the maid	Bessie Bennett

Thirty Years After:

Sir Henry Spreadbrow	Jessie Earnhardt
Miss Jennie Northcott	Mary Walters



Among Ourselves

Marea Jordan, '11, Adelphian

Dorothy Lethbridge gave a piano recital in the college auditorium on January 21. In her interpretation of the music rendered she showed remarkable skill and great depth of feeling. The audience was charmed with the entertainment.

Mr. Cameron Johnson, one of our foreign missionaries, gave a series of lectures at our college during the past week. These lectures were illustrated by pictures which were both interesting and instructive.

The Sophomore Class presented "The Palace of Truth" in the auditorium of the Students' Building on the evening of February 3. This play was given complimentary to the State Legislators who were visiting the college at this time. The characters were well portrayed and the audience was delighted with the performance.



In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

A Dirge

Walk, walk, walk,
On the cold grey slabs, my feet
And I would that my lips could mutter
The desire I have for a seat.

O, well for the dining-room girls
Who walking hour never need keep,
O, well for the servants relieved,
Who during this time may sleep.

But the shivering girls go on,
With their duty ever in view,
But, O for the warmth of a heated room,
Or the cheer of a candy stew!

Walk, walk, walk,
Till the sound of the bell, my feet
But the valued time of the hour that is spent
The future will never repeat.

*A. V., '11, Cornelian.
E. R. B., '11, Adelphian.*

Annie Mc. (listening to a discussion of quarantined towns): "My, but I wish they had guaranteed Charlotte while I was at home."

Corinna M.: "I wonder where we can find a record of that motion?"

Lelia W.: "Why, look in the alcoves. You know all of the movements are recorded there."

Heard in the Gym. while the Juniors were in charge:
Stretch the arms hard while they are bent.
Replace the apparatus with the hips firm.
Run in place while you march forward.

J. B.: "Let's make these lines in the shape of a semi-circle."

M. K.: "No, I think round like a half-moon would be lots more effective."

Perfection

PART I.

George Washington, the soldier,
Was first in time of war.
His stately form and kindly face,
Were loved both near and far.

When e'er the enemy pitch'd tent,
In winter's storm and summer's sun,
His valiant troop the hero led,
Nor rested 'till the fight was won.

Through years of heavy toil and want,
Of scanty food and clothing worn,
Of illness oft and deep suspense,
His burdens still were bravely borne.

At last against o'erwhelming odds,
He won a glorious victory,
And "first in peace" forever stands,
In his proud nation's history.

PART II.

George Washington, the farmer,
Was foremost in his line,
His cows and horses were the best,
And all his crops were fine.

His fences all were in repair,
His milling promptly done,
His hay was cut and in the barn,
While brightly shone the sun.

He never forgot the plowing,
Nor failed the stumps to dig,
And I suppose if help was scarce,
He'd even slop the pig.

Elizabeth Camp, '14, Cornelian.

Poor Dog Hash

Oh where, oh where is old dog Hash,
Oh where, oh where can he be,
With his eyes so weak
And his tail so meek,—
Oh where, oh where can he be?

He used to roam the campus o'er,
He used to roam at will;
With fear in his heart
He kept him apart—
The lonesomest thing on this hill.

Alas, alas, a sad fate was his,
Alas, alas for him!
For science he died
And the Seniors, they tried
To examine his every limb.

Quite useless in life, in his death otherwise
To you we have proven this.
Though he went to smash,
Poor old dog Hash
Is now in a haven of bliss.

*E. R. B., '11, Adelphian.
M. B. J., '11, Cornelian.*

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County
 Antoinette Black, New Hanover County
 Bessie Bennett....Rockingham County
 May Green Davie County
 Louise Gill Scotland County

Adelphian

Hulda Slaughter Wayne County
 Minnie Littman Rowan County
 Catherine Jones Durham County
 Ethel Skinner Pitt County
 Leah Boddie Durham County

Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

Students' Council

Frances Bryan Broadfoot .. President May Green Vice-President
 Mary Tennent Secretary

Senior Class

Myrtle B. Johnston President May Vickery Secretary
 Margaret Faison Vice-President Mae Brown Treasurer
 Ada Viele Historian E. Rose Batterham Critic
 Lelia White Poetess Zannie Koonce Statistician
 Frances Bryan Broadfoot Last Will and Testament

Junior Class

Clyde Fields President Alice Harris Secretary
 Ethel McNairy Vice-President Pattie Spruill Treasurer
 Sabra Brogden Critic

Sophomore Class

Gladys Avery President Mildred Rankin Secretary
 Lizzie Roddick Vice-President Verta Idol Treasurer
 Sadie Rice Critic

Freshman Class

Annie Sugg President Sallie Boddie Secretary
 Maud Bunn Vice-President Fannie Starr Mitchell Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Natalie Nunn President Pauline Whitley Secretary
 Myrtle B. Johnston ... Vice-President Mary K. Brown Treasurer

Athletic Association

Catherine Jones President Margaret Smith .. V.-Pres., Freshman
 Catherine Irwin V.-Pres., Senior Bessie Jordan Secretary
 Mary Van Pool V.-Pres., Junior Mattie Morgan Treasurer
 Lura Brogden ... V.-Pres., Sophomore Margaret Wilson Critic

Young Ladies!



WHEN IN NEED OF
BANKING ACCOMMO-
DATIONS OF ANY
KIND, CALL ON OR
CORRESPOND WITH
THE

Greensboro Loan & Trust Company

Capital \$200,000.00

Surplus and Profits. \$80,000.00

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

AN *Electric Coffee Percolator*

*makes coffee that
tastes so different*

THERE'S A REASON

TELEPHONE 331

NORTH CAROLINA PUBLIC SERVICE CO.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA